

THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

For the space of a minute the mayor weighed his son's future as a corporation attorney against his own future as mayor of Sequoia—and Henry lost. "It might be arranged, Colonel," he murmured in a low voice—the voice of shame.

"It is already arranged," the Colonel replied cheerfully. "Leave your job at the front gate and drive home in Shirley's car. I'll arrange matters with her." He laughed shortly. "It means, of course, that I'll have to telegraph to San Francisco tomorrow and buy her a later model. Thank goodness, she has a birthday tomorrow! Have a fresh cigar, mayor."

Colonel Pennington had little difficulty in explaining the deal to Shirley, who was sleepy and not at all interested. The Poundstones had bored her to extinction, and upon her uncle's assurance that she would have a new car within a week, she thanked him and for the first time retired without offering her cheek for his good-night kiss. Shortly thereafter the Colonel sought his own virtuous couch and prepared to surrender himself to the first good sleep in three weeks. He laid the flatteringunction to his soul that Bryce Cardigan had dealt him a poor hand from a marked deck and he had played it exceedingly well. "Lucky I blocked the young beggar from getting those rails out of the Laurel Creek spur," he mused, "or he'd have had his jump-crooking in overnight—and then where the devil would I have been? Up Salt Creek without a paddle—and all the courts in Christendom would avail me nothing."

He was dozing off, when a sound smote upon his ears. Instantly he was wide awake, listening intently, his head cocked on one side. The sound grew louder; evidently it was approaching Sequoia—and with a bound the Colonel sat up in bed, trembling in every limb.

Suddenly, out of the deep, rumbling diapason he heard a sharp click—then another and another. He counted them—six in all.

"A locomotive and two flat cars!" he murmured. "And they just passed over the switch leading from the main-line tracks out to my log dump. That means the train is going down Water street to the switch into Cardigan's yard. By George, they've outwitted me!"

With the agility of a boy he sprang into his clothes, raced downstairs, and leaped into Mayor Poundstone's jitney, standing in the darkness at the front gate.

CHAPTER XV.

The success of Bryce Cardigan's plan for getting his rails down from Laurel Creek depended entirely upon the whimsy which might seize the crew of the big mogul that hauled the last load of logs out of Cardigan's red-woods on Thursday afternoon. Should the engineer and fireman decide to leave the locomotive at the logging camp for the night, Bryce's task would be as simple as turning a hose down a squirrel hole. On the other hand, should they run back to Sequoia with the engine, he and Ogilvy faced the alternative of "borrowing" it from the Laguna Grande Lumber company's roundhouse; and that operation, in view of the fact that Pennington's night watchman would be certain to hear the engine leaving, offered difficulties.

Throughout the afternoon, after having sent his orders in writing to the woods-boss, via George Sea Otter (for he dared not trust to the telephone), he waited in his office for a telephone call from the logging camp as to what action the engine crew had taken. Finally, at a quarter of six, Curtis, his woods-boss, rang in.

"They're staying here all night, sir," he reported.

"House them as far from the log landing as possible, and organize a poker game to keep them busy in case they don't go to bed before eight o'clock," Bryce ordered. "In the meantime, send a man you can trust—Jim Harding, who runs the big bull-donkey, will do—down to the locomotive to keep steam up until I arrive."

He had scarcely hung up, when Buck Ogilvy came into the office. "Well?" he queried casually.

"Safe-o, Buck!" replied Bryce. "Nothing to do but get a bite of dinner and proceed to business."

Buck insisted on keeping an engagement to dine with Moira, and Bryce agreed to call for him at the Bon Gusto restaurant. Then Bryce went home to dine with his father. Old Cardigan was happier than his son had seen him since the return of the latter to Sequoia.

"Well, sonny, I've had a mighty pleasant afternoon," he declared as Bryce led him to the dinner table. "I've been up to the Valley of the Giants."

Bryce was amazed. "Why, how could you?" he demanded. "The old skid road is impassable, and after you leave the end of the skid road, the trail is to mother's grave in so overgrown with backthorn and wild lilac

I doubt if a rabbit could get through it comfortably."

"Not a bit of it," the old man replied. "Somebody has gone to work and planked that old skid road and put up a hand rail on each side, while the trail through the Giants has been grubbed out and smoothed over. All that old logging cable I abandoned in those choppings has been strung from tree to tree alongside the path on both sides. I can go up there alone now, once George sets me on the old skid road; I can't get lost."

"How did you discover this?" Bryce demanded.

"Judge Moore, representing the new owner, called round this morning and took me in tow. He said his client knew the property held for me a certain sentimental value which wasn't transferred in the deed, and so the Judge had been instructed to have the skid road planked and the forest trail grubbed out—for me. It appears that the valley is going to be a public park, after all, but for the present and while I live, it is my private park."

"This is perfectly amazing, partner," "It's mighty comforting," his father admitted. "Guess the new owner must be one of my old friends—perhaps somebody I did a favor for once—and this is his way of repaying. I'd like to know the name of the owner. I'd like mighty well to say thank you to him. It isn't usual for people nowadays to have as much respect for sentiment in an old duffer like me as the fellow has. He sort of makes me feel as if I hadn't sold at all."

Buck Ogilvy came out of the Bon Gusto restaurant with Moira, just as Bryce, with George Sea Otter at the wheel of the Napier, drove up to the curb. They left Moira at her boarding-house, and rolled noiselessly away.

At nine o'clock they arrived at Cardigan's log landing and found Jim Harding, the bull-donkey engineer, placidly smoking his pipe in the cab. Bryce hailed him.

"That you, Jim?"

"You bet."

"Run up to Jabe Curtis' shanty and tell him we're here. Have him gather his gang and bring two pairs of overalls and two jumpers—large size—with him when he comes."

Presently the woods-boss, accompanied by thirty of his best men, came down to the log landing. At Bryce's order they clambered aboard the engine and tender, hanging on the steps, on the roof of the cab, on the cow-catcher—anywhere they could find a toe-hold. Buck Ogilvy cut off the air; and the locomotive and tender began to glide slowly down the almost imperceptible grade. With a slight click it cleared the switch and slid out onto the Cardigan lateral, swiftly gathering speed. A quarter of a mile down the line Buck Ogilvy applied the brakes and eased her down to twenty miles per hour.

At the junction with the main line Buck backed briskly up into the Laguna Grande woods, and coupled to the two loaded flat cars. The woods gang scrambled aboard the



Surveyed Pennington Calmly.

flats, and the train pulled out for Sequoia. Forty minutes later they rumbled down Water street and slid to a grinding halt at the intersection of B street.

From the darkness of Cardigan's drying yard, where they had been waiting, twenty picked men of the mill crew now emerged, bearing lanterns and tools. Under Buck Ogilvy's direction the dirt promptly began to fly, while the woods crew unloaded the rails and piled them close to the sidewalk.

Suddenly a voice, harsh and strident with passion, rose above the thud of the picks and the clang of metal.

"Who's in charge here, and what in blazes do you mean by cutting my tracks?"

Bryce turned in time to behold Col.

Seth Pennington leap from an automobile and advance upon Buck Ogilvy. Ogilvy held a lantern up to the Colonel's face and surveyed Pennington calmly.

"Colonel," he began with exasperating politeness, "I presume you are Colonel Pennington—my name is Buchanan P. Ogilvy, and I am in charge of these operations. I am the vice president and general manager of the N. C. O., and I am engaged in the blithe task of making a jump crossing of your rails. Have a cigar." And he thrust a perfect under the Colonel's nose. Pennington struck it to the ground, and on the instant, half a dozen rough rascals emptied their shovels over him. He was deluged with dirt.

"Stand back, Colonel, stand back, if you please. You're in the way of the shovellers." Buck Ogilvy warned him soothingly.

Bryce Cardigan came over, and at sight of him Pennington choked with fury. "You—you—" he sputtered, unable to say more.

"I'm the N. C. O.," Bryce replied. "Nice little fiction that of yours about the switch-engine being laid up in the shops and the Laurel Creek bridge being unsafe for this big mogul." He looked Pennington over with frank admiration. "You're certainly on the job, Colonel. I'll say that much for you."

"You've stolen my engine," Pennington almost screamed. "I'll have the law on you for grand larceny."

"Tut-tut! You don't know who stole your engine. For all you know, your own engine crew may have run it down here."

"I'll attend to you, sir," Pennington replied, and he turned to enter Mayor Poundstone's little flivver.

"Not tonight, at least," Bryce retorted gently. "Having gone this far, I would be a poor general to permit you to escape now with the news of your discovery. You'd be down here in an hour with a couple of hundred members of your mill crew and give us the rush. You will oblige me, Colonel Pennington, by remaining exactly where you are until I give you permission to depart."

"And if I refuse—"

"Then I shall manhandle you, truss you up like a fowl in the tonneau of your car, and gag you."

To Bryce's infinite surprise the Colonel smiled. "Oh, very well!" he replied. "I guess you've got the bulge on me, young man. Do you mind if I sit in the warm cab of my own engine? I came away in such a hurry I quite forgot my overcoat."

"Not at all. I'll sit up there and keep you company."

Half an hour passed. An automobile came slowly up Water street and paused half a block away, evidently reconnoitering the situation. Instantly the Colonel thrust his head out the cab window.

"Sexton!" he shouted. "Cardigan's cutting in a crossing. He's holding me here against my will. Get the mill crew together and phone for Rondeau and his woods-crew. Send the switch-engine and a couple of flats up for them. Phone Poundstone. Tell him to have the chief of police—"

Bryce Cardigan's great hand closed over the Colonel's neck, while down Water street a dark streak that was Buck Ogilvy sped toward the automobile, intending to climb in and make Pennington's manager a prisoner also. He was too late, however. Sexton swung his car and departed at full speed down Water street, leaving the disappointed Buck to return panting to the scene of operations.

Bryce Cardigan released his hold on Pennington's neck. "You win, Colonel," he announced. "No good can come of holding you here any longer. Into your car and on your way."

"Thank you, young man," the Colonel answered, and there was a metallic ring in his voice. He looked at his watch in the glare of a torch. "Plenty of time," he murmured. "Curfew shall not ring tonight." Quite deliberately he climbed into the mayor's late source of woe and breezed away.

Colonel Pennington did not at once return to his home, however. Instead he drove up to the business center of the town. The streets were deserted, but one saloon—the Sawdust Pile—was still open.

Pennington strode through the bar and into the back room, where a number of poker games were in progress. For a moment he stood, his cold, ophidian glance circling the room until it came to rest on no less a personage than the Black Minora, an individual with whom the reader has already had some slight acquaintance. It will be recalled that the Black Minora led the futile rush against Bryce Cardigan that day in Pennington's woods.

The Colonel approached the table where the Black Minora sat thumbing the edges of his cards, and touched the cholo on the shoulder. The Black Minora turned, and Pennington nodded to him to follow; whereupon the latter cashed in his chips and joined his employer on the sidewalk. Here a whispered conver-

sation ensued, and at its conclusion the Black Minora nodded vigorously. "Sure!" he assured the Colonel. "I'll fix 'em good and plenty."

Together Pennington and the Black Minora entered the automobile and proceeded swiftly to the Laguna Grande Lumber company's mill office. From a locker the Colonel produced a repeating rifle and three boxes of cartridges, which he handed to the cholo, who departed without further ado into the night.

Twenty minutes later, from the top of a lumber pile in Cardigan's drying



Bryce Cardigan Saw the Flash of a Rifle.

yard, Bryce Cardigan saw the flash of a rifle and felt a sudden sting on his left forearm. He leaped around in front of the cowcatcher to gain the shelter of the engine, and another bullet struck at his feet and ricocheted off into the night. It was followed by a fusillade, the bullets kicking up the freshly disturbed earth among the workers and sending them scurrying to various points of safety. In an instant the crossing was deserted, and work had been stopped, while from the top of the adjacent lumber pile the Black Minora poured a stream of lead and filthy invective at every point which he suspected of harboring a Cardigan follower.

"I'd like to plug him," Buck murmured.

"What would be the use? This will be his last night in Humboldt county—"

A rifle shot rang out from the side of B street; from the lumber pile across the street, Bryce and Ogilvy heard a suppressed grunt of pain, and a crash as of a breaking board. Instantly out of the shadows George Sea Otter came padding on velvet feet, rifle in hand—and then Bryce understood.

"All right, boss," said George simply as he joined Bryce and Ogilvy under the lee of the locomotive. "Now we get busy again."

"Safe-o, men," Ogilvy called. "Back to the job." And while Bryce, followed by the careless George Sea Otter, went into the lumber yard to secure the enemy, Ogilvy set an example to the men by stepping into the open and starting briskly to work with a shovel.

At the bottom of the pile of lumber the Black Minora was discovered with a severe flesh wound in his right hip; also he was suffering from numerous bruises and contusions. George Sea Otter possessed himself of the fallen cholo's rifle, while Bryce picked the wretch up and carried him to his automobile.

"Take the swine over to the Laguna Grande Lumber company's hospital and tell them to patch him up," he ordered George Sea Otter. "I'll keep both rifles and the ammunition here for Jules Rondeau and his woods gang. They'll probably be dropping in on us about 2 a. m., if I know anything about Colonel Pennington's way of doing things."

Having dispatched the Black Minora to hold up the work until the arrival of re-enforcements, Colonel Pennington fairly burned the streets en route to his home. He was desirous of getting into a heavy ulster before venturing forth again into the night air.

The violent slam with which he closed the front door after him brought Shirley, in dressing gown and slippers, to the staircase.

"Uncle Seth!" she called. "What's the matter?"

"There's the devil to pay," he answered. "That fellow Cardigan is back of the N. C. O., after all, and he and Ogilvy have a gang of fifty men down at the intersection of Water and B streets, cutting in a jump-crossing of our line."

He dashed into the living room, and she heard him calling frantically into the telephone.

"At last!" she murmured, and crept

down the stairs, pausing behind the heavy portieres at the entrance to the living room.

"That you, Poundstone?" she heard him saying rapidly into the transmitter. "Pennington speaking. Young Bryce Cardigan is behind that N. C. O. outfit, and it's a logging road and not intended to build through to Grant's Pass at all. Cardigan and Ogilvy are at Water and B streets this very instant with a gang of fifty men cutting in a jump-crossing of my line, curse them! They'll have it in by six o'clock tomorrow morning if something isn't done—and once they get it in, the fat's in the fire."

"Telephone the chief of police and order him to take his entire force down there, if necessary, and stop that work. To blazes with that temporary franchise! You stop that work for two hours, and I'll do the rest. Tell the chief of police not to recognize that temporary franchise. He can be suspicious of it, can't he, and refuse to let the work go on until he finds out? And you can be hard to find for two hours, can you not? Delay, delay, man! That's all I want. . . . Yes, yes, I understand. You get down about daylight and roast the chief of police for interfering, but in the meantime! . . . Thank you, Poundstone, thank you. Good-by."

He stood at the telephone, the receiver still held to his ear and his right forefinger holding down the hook while the line cleared. When he spoke again, Shirley knew he was calling his mill office. He got a response immediately, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

"Sexton?" Pennington speaking. I've sent over the Black Minora with a rifle and sixty rounds of ammunition."

"What? You can hear him shooting already? Bully boy with a crockery eye! He'll clean the gang out and keep them from working until the police arrive. You've telephoned Rondeau, have you? Good! He'll have his men waiting at the log landing, and there'll be no delay. Sexton, we've got to block them. It means a loss of millions to me if we fail!"

Shirley was standing in the doorway as he faced about from the telephone. "Uncle Seth," she said quietly, "use any honorable method of defeating Bryce Cardigan, but call off the Black Minora. I shall hold you personally responsible for Bryce Cardigan's life, and if you fail me, I shall never forgive you."

"Silly, silly girl!" he soothed her. "Don't you know I would not stoop to bush-whacking? There's some shooting going on, but its wild shooting, just to frighten Cardigan and his men off the job."

"You can't frighten him," she cried passionately. "You know you can't. He'll kill the Black Minora, or the Black Minora will kill him. Go instantly and stop it!"

"All right, all right!" he said rather humbly, and sprang down the front steps into the waiting car. "I'll play the game fairly, Shirley, never fear."

She stood in the doorway and watched the red tail-light, like a malevolent eye, disappear down the street. And presently as she stood there, down the boulevard a huge gray car came slipping noiselessly—so noiselessly, in fact, that Shirley recognized it by that very quality of silence. It was Bryce Cardigan's Napier.

"George!" she called. "Come here." The car slid over to the gate and stopped at the sight of the slim white figure running down the garden walk.

"Is Mr. Cardigan hurt?" she demanded in an agony of suspense.

George Sea Otter grunted contemptuously. "Nobody hurt 'cept the Black Minora. I am taking him to your company hospital, miss. He tried to shoot my boss, so I shot him myself once through the leg. Now my boss says: 'Take him to the Laguna Grande hospital, George.' Me, I would drop this greaser in the bay if I was the boss."

She laughed hysterically. "On your way back from the hospital stop and pick me up, George," she ordered.

He touched his broad hat, and she returned to the house to dress.

Meanwhile Colonel Pennington had reached the crossing once more, simultaneously with the arrival of Sam Perkins, the chief of police, accompanied by two automobiles crammed with patrolmen. Perkins strutted up to Bryce Cardigan and Buck Ogilvy.

"What's the meaning of all this row, Mr. Cardigan?" he demanded.

"Something has slipped, Sam," Bryce retorted pleasantly. "You've been calling me Bryce for the past twenty years, and now you're mistaking me! The meaning of this row, you ask?" Bryce continued. "Well, I'm engaged in making a jump crossing of Colonel Pennington's tracks, under a temporary franchise granted me by the city council of Sequoia. Here's the franchise." And he thrust the document under the police chief's nose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Looking On.

"What part of the army appeals to you most?"

"The outside,"—Home Sector.

FARM POULTRY

SUCCESS IN RAISING SQUABS

Healthy, Vigorous, Properly Bred Birds Are Essential—Keep Them and Mice Away.

Begins with healthy, vigorous, early mated breeders. Good foundation stock is very essential.

Select and keep only prolific breeders which are also good feeders.

Feed a variety of good quality grains, including peas or pennings, small whole corn rather than cracked corn.

Provide for the pigeons a pen which is dry, well ventilated, and can be free from rats and mice. Two should be allowed for each pair of breeders.

Keep clean, fresh, protected drinking water before the pigeons and provide separate unprotected pan of water for bathing.

Market the squabs just as soon as they are feathered under the wing and about the time they are able to out of their nests, say poultry specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture.

GEESSE UTILIZE WASTE

Grazing Stock Take Up Most of Feed From Ordinary Grasses in the Pastures

Geese touch flanks with chicks utilizing waste grain about the feed and feeding pens. In a larger number than chickens or any other poultry, they are grazing stock, their living in large part from the ordinary grasses of the pastures. The facts are taken into consideration that the demand for geese is steady, and extended over practically the whole year, not confined to holiday seasons, as the demand for turkeys largely is, and that there is an egg producers is considerable importance of a few geese on a small farm becomes apparent.

Geese, in common with ducks, utilize forms of food waste



Toulouse Goose.

ponds and streams, but they are that particular excellent by duck farms where ponds or streams available ducks will convert into eggs great quantities of waste and various aquatic forms would not be utilized by any kind of poultry. Ducks, while consume much grass and other stuff, are more partial to animal food and are very energetic in pulling the branches, creeks and ponds sources of food supply, say poultry specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture. Where conditions are favorable they will provide their own food needs in a manner that will make them highly profitable.

LAYING HENS LATE MOLTING

General Purpose Breeds Lay and at Same Time, Slowing Down Egg Production.

The hen with a natural tendency lay usually postpones the molt of her production is finished regular of the time she started. This is more particularly the egg breeders as the general purpose or meat breeds sometimes lay and molt at the same time. In such cases the feathers dropped and replaced slowly and egg production also slows down may not entirely suspend.

MAKEUP OF POULTRY MEAL

Among Ingredients Are Corn, Alfalfa Barley and Gluten—Charcoal Aids Digestion.

Hens love mash. Usually, feeds, such as cornmeal, corn, corn and cob meal, gluten meal, alfalfa, cottonseed meal, linseed, gluten meal and alfalfa meal are in the mash. Sometimes charcoal is added to guard against digestive troubles.

FEED FOR GROWING CHICKS

When About Eight Weeks Old Supply of Cracked Corn and Other Small Grains.

As soon as the chickens will eat whole wheat, cracked corn and grains—usually in about eight weeks—the small-sized chick feed can be eliminated. In addition to the feeds, sour milk, skim milk or whey milk will hasten the chickens' growth.